

# ARIDE IN A MOTOR CARRIAGE.

A Journal Woman's Trip  
About Town in a  
Horseless Vehicle.

It is worth any one's while to take a ride in a horseless carriage. It is all the more so when, as I did, you guide it yourself.

The first successful invention of this sort has been on exhibition at the circus during the past few weeks, and with a view to testing the merits of man's inventive genius versus nature's creative genius, I induced the operator of the motor-wagon to take it out one day last week, and take me with him, for a spin up this road.

"It's all very well," I said, critically gazing at the progressive bit of machinery with the high-box seat—"it's all very well for you to push your wagon around the circus on a level dirt track, where the road is clear, but that isn't convincing. I want to see it go over cobblestones in a crowded thoroughfare, where there is some competition, and not a little hindrance."

"Step in," said the operator, with a profound bow.

I stepped in. The seat was soft and comfortable, and the cart was provided with excellent springs.

Then the operator fastened a crank to the side of the wagon, and turned it several times; at the same time tapping a bellows below the seat, which emitted electric sparks into the cylinder. These sparks, the operator explained, exploded the naphtha as it fell, drop by drop, into the battery, thus creating the power by which the machine is propelled. Then I looked behind the seat, while the operator held up the lid, and watched the wheels go round.

No one would ever suppose, to look at the compact, high-seated box cart, that beneath the innocent exterior a whole network of wheels and machinery is hidden that starts up or shuts off in answer to one touch of the operator's hand. Yet such is the latest improvement in the power, which, it is hoped will supersede the horse.

## A BUZZ AND AN ODOR.

Three minutes after I made the suggestion to the operator, the little machine was buzzing away under the seat, a disagreeable odor of naphtha filled the air, and we were out on the cobblestones headed toward Madison avenue. A number of small boys, and not a few larger ones followed in our wake, making divers comments about the carriage and its occupants.

Several urinals of the variety that feeds on circus anticipation eleven months of every year, and hangs about the garden's stage doors with wide open eyes for a smell of the sawdust ring, declared that "dat's der lady wot does der light rone act, an' it's a dead peach der right, too, sec."

This assurance doubled the interest of the crowd, to which a dozen more were added, and then we reached Madison avenue, and with my heart in my throat and my hands clutching the seat railing, I was whisked round the corner through a dreadful array of cabs and wagons.

The motor-wagon went through the crowd of vehicles without a swerve, though we were greatly aided by the readiness of drivers to make way for us. No one seemed anxious to court contact with us. The cabbies awoke from their dreams of swell fares and gazed after us with sleepy interest, and cabbies' horses wagged their ears and snorted rebelliously against the outrageous methods of progression.

After a run of twenty blocks up Madison avenue we turned through to Fifth, leaving a row of curious people standing on either side, who watched us till we were out of sight. By this time I had gained unlimited confidence in my new friend and his ability to steer out of danger, so I let go my hold of the railing, leaned back against the cushions and thoroughly enjoyed the drive.

## AT A LIVELY PACE—NO, SPEED.

It was a fine day, and we went at such a good pace, or speed, we got the full benefit of the breeze. We went up Fifth avenue as far as the Park, and though at times there was only sufficient room for our carriage to pass through the crowd of other wagons, the little lever was as true and safe in its calculations as a thoroughbred horse.

The whole apparatus is managed by one lever, which is decidedly an improvement on the wretched arrangement of the foreign machines, which require the manipulation of six different levers. A machine with such a complication of steering apparatus can be of no use to the retail merchant, who employs a raw boy to drive his wagon and deliver his parcels; it would be impracticable to apply it to our five engines, which seems to be one of the aims of the motor wagon constructors—because of the complexity of the levers, which would be annoying in such a time of high-strung nerves. To the pleasure-seeker, from the man-about-town who returns from the road in no mind for calculations, to the serious young man who brings his best young girl home by the light of the moon, six levers would be utterly disastrous to hope and happiness. The American manufacturer knew the American market when he provided their motor-wagon with a single lever.

"The management is simple," said the operator; "take the lever and try."

I looked dubiously at the operator. Things that look innocent are sometimes deceptive, and the constant chu-chu-chu of the engine beneath us, and the suspicious odor of naphtha brought to my mind many touching details of explosion disasters.

Such a trifling determination, however, should not thwart my determination to test the machine in every possible way. I touched the lever gingerly. Nothing happened. The great advantage of a cell battery over a horse is that it obeys all masters alike.

## AN UNCERTAIN PILOT.

"Push to the right or left, as you wish to go," said the operator. "Push it up when you wish to go faster and down when you wish to slacken the speed."

I obeyed these rules and regulations as they were given, to make sure they were the proper working orders, with the result of switching the wagon in a very uncertain way about the avenue, and scaring it the teams into the side street.

I enjoyed my turn at the lever. Fifth avenue is such a delightful place on which

to try an experiment, from a new bonnet or a Count to a mere motor wagon. One gets so much attention there, for the swells along that thoroughfare are so brimful of civil and so willing to be amused. The motor wagon served this purpose.

The chapples—the bona fide Fifth avenue variety—dropped their glasses, and their jaws, and their canes, from the conventional angle, and stared; the tailor-made girl overcame all the scruples of boarding-school etiquette, and looked back; ambitious artists peeped down from their studio windows, "up above the world so high," and down below, from the \$5,000 shop windows, the milliners of the surnames and the crests, looked out and murmured in Trilbyesque accents, "Ah, mais oui, donnez moi un cheval, toujours," an then we reached Fifty-ninth street and found we could not go through the Park.

So we went through to Riverside and thence up the Boulevard. Here we felt more at ease. The cyclists who monopolize that thoroughfare showed a curiosity that was nothing short of sympathy with our apparatus. One smiled broadly as he whisked past us, in a way that implied mutual membership in the same progressive, horse-hating set; and two friends, with the bicycle bend, assured us in a familiar way, as they doffed their hats, that "we were the people."

Then we reached Claremont; made as pretty a stop as a coach and four; stepped out, and walked leisurely up the steps, leaving Jerry staring in wide-eyed wonder at the elephant before him.

## KNOWLEDGE THAT WAS NOT POWER.

Jerry knows everything about horses that is worth knowing, and it has been his lot to take care of some pretty spoiled ones, while their spirited owners "talked things over" in Claremont. During those latter days, too, he has deluged to stoop to the care of the stately bike, though with a very bad grace and a very large tip.

But Jerry came to his Waterloo when he tried to move our cart around to the stables. He touched all the buttons in sight, pounded the foot-brake on the bottom of the seat; touched the lever without effect, and examined the neat little carriage lantern, fashioned in the front, hoping to find some hidden spring by which the thing might start. Then he looked for us, but we had slipped inside the door to watch his dilemma. Suddenly Jerry had a brilliant idea.

"Hi, there!" he shouted back to the stables.

A stocky young hostler with a red face answered the call.

"Get a hold, there," said Jerry, motioning toward the front.

The hostler took hold, and Jerry lifted the back.

"Pi!" shouted Jerry, with a grunt. The cart was actually lifted from the ground and carried out of sight. When we stood on the steps again and called for our carriage, Jerry and the hostler pushed

# UP FIFTY-FIFTH AVENUE IN A HORSELESS VEHICLE.



it up to the entrance like a wheel barrow, and Jerry's face assumed the triumphant beam of a rainbow.

The drive down Riverside was splendid. It was getting on toward dusk, and the air off the river was cool and sweet. I steered all the way down, except when two miniature bicycle boys informed us that our "thing" was "no good," and that they could beat us in a race. Then I released the lever in favor of the operator and devoted my attention to the small boys. As they fell behind, one of them sniffed contemptuously and cried:

"Hully cat, Chimmie! What ails the thing? Did yer smell that?"

The unpleasant odor of the explosive is one unfortunate feature of the new machine, though the manufacturers are at present busy on a chemical process which will, they hope, result in a non-odorous fluid with which to feed the cylinder. The noise, too, is a very regrettable feature.

## THE ENGINE NOT A NOISE.

Though a span of horses make more noise than the little engine beneath the seat, it is not an unpleasant noise: it is one to which we have become accustomed, and it is a human noise. There is too much of art in the steady pounding of the engine, and there is something missing in the ease with which the lever responds to our touch. We are accustomed to the tugging at the reins and the short of the beautiful beast as the bit pulls on his mouth, and we miss the strange, exultant thrill of delight that comes of conquering a brute that is mightier than ourselves.

What will power, what magnetism is required to twist a lever backward and

forward, and what is there about the manipulation of a wooden stick to quicken one's pulse or satisfy a craving for sport and pleasure?

I resigned my post at the tiller and leaned back in the cushions. Man is a wonderful being, and his new motor wagon is truly great. But there is One who is greater than man, and His creations are infinitely superior.

The horse is a nobler animal than a cell electric battery. LAVINIA HART.

## THE OLDEST FAMILY.

The Mikado of Japan Has a Line of Ancestors That Throws All Rival Houses into the Shade.

Not many people know how far back the lines of the old families of various countries run. It is a peculiarly interesting topic, however, for the reason that those generally thought to be of the most ancient lineage are really comparative mushrooms as regards ancestry.

Out of the four hundred barons in the British House of Lords, all of whom are popularly considered to be possessed of ancient lines of descent, only about a dozen actually date back six hundred years. Of all families in the British Isles the oldest is the Mar family, of Scotland, which can trace its lines into the dim past of 1083.

Other famous old European families are the Campbells, of Argyle, 1190; the family of Talleyrand, 1199; the family of Bismarck, 1270, and the Grosvenor family,

the Dukes of Westminster, 1090. In 652 the Austrian house of Hapsburg had its beginning, and in 804 the house of Bourbon.

But in carefully preserved lines of ancestors some of the other nations of the world overshadow Europe. Far older than any European house is the line of Mahomet, dating back to 570.

With the most scrupulous care these particular family records have been kept, and have all been set down in a book, which is now in the possession of the present head of the house, residing in Mecca. Despite the fact that it shows a line of descendants over nearly fifteen centuries, the authenticity of this record is not disputed.

Chinese old families and Jewish old families abound, all with lines of descent that even the haughtiest British peer would be willing to give his rent roll to possess. But there is one house which goes back so far that beyond doubt or cavil it is the very oldest family in the world.

This is the family of the Mikado of Japan. In an unbroken line Mikado has followed Mikado for more than two thousand five hundred years. During all these centuries the line has been kept perfectly, and son has succeeded son without an exception.

The present ruler of Japan is the one hundred and twenty-second of the line. To emphasize fully the enormous weight of years of this lineage, it should be stated that the Mikado's family is older than five of the seven great religions that Max Mueller mentions as possessing Bible.

# MAY DAY CARNAVALS FOR LITTLE ONES.

Great Fun for the Children  
On the Big Green  
Lawns in Central Park.

Central Park would like to claim the May party for its own. So many times that no one remembers the first, the Park Commissioners have allowed the May Day jubilation the freedom of the grass that is the public's own, but it cannot use it every day. Ever since gray-haired men were children the May parties have travelled up to the Park early every Saturday morning, during the month of flowers, armed with a permit that allows them to trespass upon all the flat, out-stretching green grass in sight.

This annual privilege lies in the hands of the Park Commissioners to extend or withhold, as they see fit. They can issue permits to a few parties or allow the sword to be crowded. There are enough who wish to go a-May-ing to pack Central Park from entrance to entrance, miles apart though they be, all the five Saturdays of May, 1896.

The May party came from England in old Knickerbocker days. The United States then was either Puritan or Knickerbocker, according to section, and all who lived far or wide boasted of being either one or the other, each claiming great superiority on account of descent.

In the region of the Knickerbockers the world got the sun soonest and the grass got green earliest. It was only a trick of tide and wave, Gulf stream and wind, but the flowers bloomed first for the little Knickerbockers just the same, though the early New England children celebrated May Day, flowers or no flowers.

Therefore, as sports were scarce in those early days, the Knickerbockers made a play of gathering the first wild flowers, and in a few years they had established the May party as much a custom in New York as in Massachusetts.

Thus the May party spread and now it stretches across the entire country, ending only at the Pacific Coast, where a state of idealism as to climate makes the May party dull, only because it can have the May party every day in the year, with plenty of flowers.

In Central Park, on the first Saturday in May, the Park is crowded with carriages and equestrians. Beginning as early as noon, the carriages keep coming and the bridge paths are filled with slowly riding men and women.

From 8 o'clock in the morning the May parties begin to arrive. These approach the Park in long processions, walking two abreast, all carrying baskets in one arm and flowers in the other.

For a month before the May parties begin there is a stir in the society of the schools. May parties are forming, teachers are being enlisted to escort them to the Park, menus are being planned and the programme is being made out for the May party.

The May party that is best liked by the Board of Education is an instructive one, and as this is the most interesting party

that can be planned, most of the Maying parties are conducted on this plan.

For the instructive May party a period of long ago is selected. That of the Court of Marie Antoinette is specially liked. The queen of the party wears a headpiece of tulle and a white gown as long as can be managed, over which the headpiece falls, making a robe like a communion dress. This is made more earthly than a communion robe by sewing daisy chains upon it, and by crowning the Queen with flowers that fall in links to her feet on all sides.

Louis, Marie Antoinette's King, wears a crown out of pasteboard and covered with gold. His waist wears velvet knee-breeches. His body attendants are a jester, with bells sewed upon his limbs, and a Prime Minister in long robes. This personage is supposed to be his spiritual adviser and a man of dignity of the court. A bugler walks ahead of him or follows the King's heels.

The Queen is attended by her ladies and a Cupid in white, with wings of gold, who is supposed to shoot arrows into the impassionable queenly heart.

Behind walk the court and subjects, as many of the latter being invited as the luncheon will embrace. All dress in white, or in selected colors.

The sight as the white processions wind their way through the streets to the Park, is a beautiful one.

It is not only the children of those who have no lawns of their own who go a-May-ing in the park. The little ones of wealth are delighted to get into the green acres and scamper around. They are the first to raise the Maypole, which, all wound with ribbons, is a feature of every May party, and though they may not be allowed to parade the streets, they leave their carriages at the entrance to the Park, and through the winding paths they, too, enjoy the felicity of the May party.

Grooms carry the luncheon to the May field, and maids escort the smiling youngsters. Donkeys, Shetland ponies and small steeds of all kinds draw small wagons with smiling queens sitting therein, filled with as much pride as if their vehicles were triumphal cars. In other processions, enthroned upon the back of her donkey or pony, the queen sits in proud state. Not even at the Horse Show, when her imported pony brings her in a blue ribbon, is she as happy as when riding as Queen of the May.

All the people who own carriages in New York go to Central Park on Saturdays in May. Stopping their horses as near the playgrounds as possible they watch the May FOLLOWS. The May game—like all games with sweetness; the May flowers, growing in great profusion in the flower beds, send out a delightful perfume, and the graceful movements of the children, as they twist the poles with ribbons over the head of the encircled queen, make one of the prettiest pictures of a glad hour not to be forgotten.

New dances are written every year for May parties, and the bugler who walks with the King improvises appropriate music—for he must be a born musician to hold his position. Many of the wealthier of the children get up whole May parties of their own, providing the collation and take the entire party—subjects, King, Queen and all—to the grounds. If a gaily-trimmed cart come the musician, who are often the best of professionalists, disguised and trimmed with flowers to look like a boy orchestra.

In regions where fruit is generous in May the May party becomes a festival of fruit as well as flowers. The wagons are laden with it, and the Queen sits upon a mound of oranges, with apples and pears and bread fruits forming a great throne. The May party is not a circumscribed thing drawn round and round with conventional fetters. It is a Spring ceremony capable of wide variation and interpretation.

In the fairy tales it was during the first nights of May that the gnomes and fairy queens came out to dance under the trees. Their dance, a moonlight one, terminated at sunrise. Keeping up this tradition, there are many lawn dances given in May upon private grounds by young people, who have been waiting three months to get out of doors into the warm air again. These dances are like the gay May parties with the grown-up element curiously merged into youthful features. The crowning of a queen, the singing of songs and the spread under the trees is the same.

The May party is one of the most oratorical of all features of town life. Decoration Day has a touch of the ceremonial about it and a touch of that which is sad. But the May party is as lively as a Paris carnival, with the perpetual youth of the true American brought out prominently.

## RAILROAD KIDNEY.

The New Disease Induced by Much Riding on Dusty Railroads.

"Railroad kidney" is the latest disease to be described by physicians. It is caused by an artificial stoppage of the pores of the skin by the dirt accumulated while riding on railroad trains. Any person, after riding for three or four hours on a railroad train will find that his hands, face and neck are very dirty, especially if he has been perspiring. A closer examination will reveal a very fine grime, the particles of which, so soon as perspiration ceases, act as so many minute corks, stopping up completely the orifices of the pores. How deeply this grime works into the skin is shown by the fact that after a railroad trip one must wash his hands and face two or three times before they are clean.

It is thus plugging up the pores that produces the railroad kidney. It is not held that an ordinarily healthy person will contract this disease in a journey of a day or two, but where a person is already a sufferer from chronic disease of the kidneys it is possible that a week on railroad trains will aggravate his malady to an appreciable extent. Railroad employes, who are careless about their ablutions, and do not bathe thoroughly and frequently, are said by hospital authorities to be especially susceptible to kidney troubles.



A MAY PARTY ON THE BIG MEADOW IN CENTRAL PARK.